The New Golden Chain

Sabbath School Melodies.

CONTAINING EVERY PIECE (MUSIC AND WORDS) OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN,
WITH ABOUT ONE THIRD ADDITIONAL.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF

"THE JUBILEE," "KEY-NOTE," "ORIOLA," "GOLDEN CHAIN," "GOLDEN SHOWER," "GOLDEN CENSER,"

AND MANY OTHER MUSICAL WORKS.

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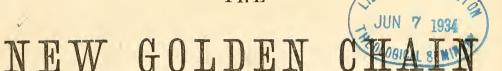
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SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES.

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By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

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IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & CO., 47 & 49 GREENE STREET,

NOTICE.

Such has been the immense popularity of the GOLDEN CHAIN that two entire sets of electrotype plates have been used up in the printing of the book, and, as the demand for it is still unabated, it has been found necessary to re-electrotype the whole work.

In the "New Golden Chain" all the pieces, (Music and Hymns), of the "old" Chain are retained, without change of folios, with the exception that La Mira, page 127, Chain, will be found on page 124 of the New Golden Chain, while, by the use of new and beautiful type we are enabled to insert about one-third more additional tunes and hymns, without crowding the pages, all of which are proved "Gems."

While the New Chair conforms in size, price and page with the "old" and may consequently be used in connection with it, it is at the same time in itself almost a New Work. Its unprecedented popularity will be materially enhanced now that it appears in its new dress, with one-third new matter. In most of the old pieces arranged in three parts, Tenors are now inserted.

Hoping that the New Golden Chain, like its predecessor, may prove a blessing to many, that every link may be found sound and of the purest metal, and that the whole may prove strong enough to bind together in one harmonic band all the dear ones of the household and Sabbath School, its author prayerfully sends it forth on its little mission of love and song. God speed it.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

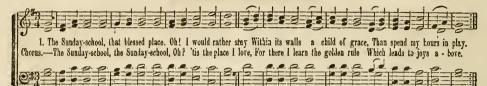
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- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; May sorrows flow from eye to eye; And joy from heart to heart. Praise the Lord. &c.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flow; Let union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action, glow.

 Praise the Lord, &s.
- 4 Love is the GOLDEN CHAIN that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.
 Praise the Lord, &c.



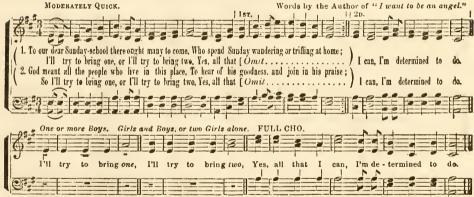
- 2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died For sinners such as 1:
 - Oh! what has all the world beside,
- 3 Then let our grateful tribute rise.
 And songs of praise be given
 To Him who dwells above the skies,
 For such a blessing given.
- 4 And welcome then the Sunday-school,
 We'll read, and sing, and pray,
 That we may keep the golden rule,
 And never from it stray.



2 Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, extend, While saints address thy face: Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord. 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disctose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbatts be enjoyed in vain.

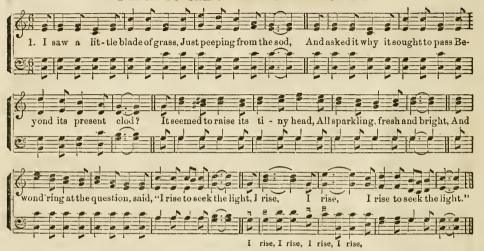
SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG. 11s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



- 3 Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home, The large, or the little, who never have come? Oh. I'll beg and I'll coax, try for one, try for two, Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.
- 4 My consins and playmates, who live In this street, I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet; Who knows but among them I'll get one, or two, For all that I can, I'm determined to do.
- 5 Out there in the lot where I pass every day, How many spend Sabbath in frolic or play! If I could but get one of those boys, now, or two, To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do.
- 6 Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go; What glory and blessedness then I shall know! But I want in that glory that many may share,— That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT." C. M. D.



2 I asked the eagle why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given;
As if he spurn'd each earthly thing
And knew no home but heaven?
He answered, as he fixed his gaze
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
"I rise to seek the light"

6

3 I asked my soul, what means this thirst
For something yet beyond,
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond?
It answers, and I feel it glow
With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
I rise to seek the light,"

1 Come, children, ralse your voices high, 2 Yes, we will gladly join our lays Your Saviour's love proclaim. And with the choirs of earth and sky Unite to praise his name: Sing how he left the realms of light. Where the bright angels dwell,

And, passing through death's gloomy Redeemed the world, [night, Redeemed the world from hell.

With heaven's seraphic throng, And offer in our earthly days To Christ our grateful song:

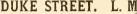
And oh, that all would join to sing That Saviour's love, who came, Mankind from chains of sin to bring To liberty.

To liberty again!

3 Then loud hosannas to our King. Jesus, eternal God! Let earth with joyous anthems ring, To spread his fame abroad:

Let every tribe and nation own His just and righteous sway. And all unite to hasten on The great, the great,

The great millennial day.





- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious, when the Lord was there; While he pronounced his holy law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell, When all the rebel powers of hell, That thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains, like captives, led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne. He sent his promised spirit down, With gifts and grace for rebel men, That God might dwell on earth again.

THE SABBATH. (NEW CHAIN.)

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing: To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart, Then I shall share a glorious part: And fresh supplies of joy be shed. Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wish'd below: And every power find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy



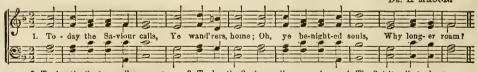
2 Be that prayer again repeated, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing though defeated, God speed the right! Like the good and great in story, If they fail, they fail with glory, God speed the right!

8 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, And in heaven's own time succeeding, God speed the right!

4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

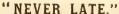
TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s. (New Chair.)



To-day the Saviour calls;
 Oh, hear him now;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

8. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away.
'Tis mercy's hour.



9



1 I'll a wake at dawn on the Sabbath day, For its wrong to doze holy time away; With my lessons learn dithis shall 2 Birds awake betimes; every morn they sing; None are tardy there, when the woods do ring; So when Sanday comes, this shall



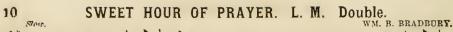


- 8 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the call obey—none are tardy then; Nor will I forget that it is my rule Never to be late at the Sabbath school.
- 4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er, And these happy hours shall return no more; Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

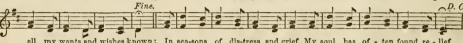
DISMISSION. 8s & 7s.



2 Thanks we give and adoration, For thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; May thy presence
With us evermore be found. Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angel's wings, to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.







all my wants and wishes known: In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - llef, thy return, sweet hour of prayer.



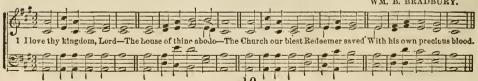
- 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and fauthfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace.
 - : I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!:

- 8. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May 1 thy consolation share;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To selze the everlasting prize:
- And shout, while passing through the air.

 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

LULU. S. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)
WM. B. BRADBURY.



- I love thy Church, O God!

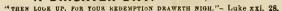
 Her walls before thee stand,

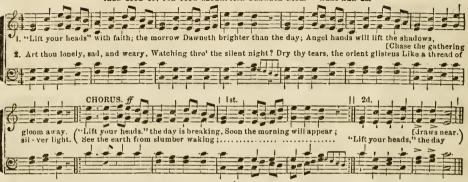
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,

 And graven on thy hand.
- 8 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highost joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.







- 3 Does the night seem long and weary— Dangers threatening long the way? Joy will soon return to bless thee, Soon will dawn a brighter day.—Cho.
- 4 What, though wars and earth's commotions Try your faith, and cause dismay; God, your Father, rules the nations, He will send a brighter day,—Cho.
- 5 Let the heart be cheered with gladness, Though the sun is veiled from sight; See! the stars are brightly beaning Through the shadows of the night.

Charus.

Look! e'en now the morn is breaking, See the shadows flee away; See! the earth from slumber waking.

See! the earth from slumber waking, "Lift your heads!" behold the day!

THE CHURCH.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zioo, city of our God!
He, whose word canoot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded.
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes,

2 See! the streams of living waters

Springing from eternal love; Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove. Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst t'assuago; Orace, which, like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age?

1 2

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY



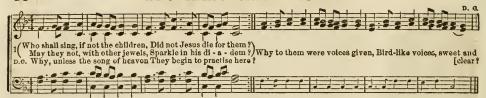
2 Thy love is so vast, so tender, and true, A fountain of life, failing never:

Oh, what can we happy young children de But praise thee for ever and ever?

We'll praise thee at morn, and praise thee at night,
For the work that brings quiet and slumber;
For our bread and our water, our reason and sight,

And mercies too many to number.

8 For the friends thou hast given to teach and to guide, Who make the sweet Sabbath so cheering, By telling of Jesus, who calls to his side Young children with words so endearing. For that Jesus our fullest hosannas are given, His pity and prayers, ceasing never, Are the source of all joy, on earth and in heavon, And we'll praise him for ever and over.



2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

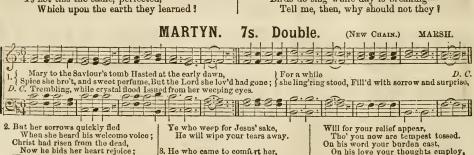
What a change his word can make,

Turning darkness into day !

3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they cannot sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

Weeping for a while may last,

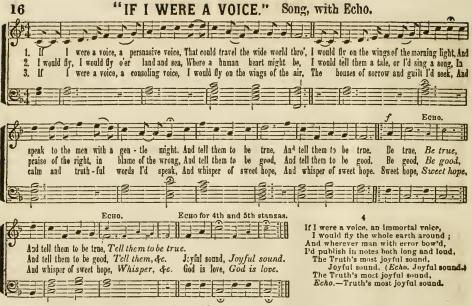
But the morning brings the joy.



When she thought ber all was

lost





5 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day, And point to the realms above; I would fly, I would fly over city and town, And drop like a happy sunlight down, And whisper, God is love.
God is love. (Echo. God is love.)
And whisper. God is love.
Echo.—Whisper, God is love



- 2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest; My public walks, my privato ways, The secrets of my breast.
- 8 My thoughts lie open to the Lord. Before they're formed within;

- 4 Ohl wondrous knowledge, deep and high! Where can a creature hide? Within thy circling arms I lie, Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still. And like a bulwark prove, To guard my soul from every ill, Secured by sovereign love.



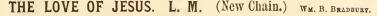
- Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high: Grieve not that love. Which from above, Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.
- Through that long to-morrow, Eternity ! Exiled from home. Darkly to roam-Child of sin and sorrow, Where wilt thou flee? 17
- Heirship thou canst borrow In worlds on high ! In that high home. Graven thy name: Child of sin and sorrow. Swift homeward fly!

GATHER THEM IN.

"CO, THEREFORE, INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN "- Luke xiv. 23. MAY BE SUNG AS A DUET. WITH PROMPTNESS AND ANIMATION. 1. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; Gather them in from the broad highway, Gather them In. Gather them in from the prairies vast. CHORUS. gather them in; Gather them in, in this gospel day, Gather, gather them in; Gather them in, let the gather them in ; Gather them in, of every cast, Gather, gather them in. FULL CHO. house be full, Gather them in to the Sunday-school; Gather them in, Gather them in, Gather the children in, 2 Gather them in, gather them in, 3 Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in ; Gather the children in ; Gather them in from the street and lane. Gather them in that are seeking rest, Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in both the halt and lame, Gather them in from the East and West. Gather, gather them in : Gather, gather them in. Gather the deaf, and the poor, and blind, Gather them in that are roaming about. Gather them in, gather them in: Gather thom in, gather them in : Cather them in with a willing mind, Gather them in from the North and South. Gather, gather them in. Gather, gather them in. 18 Chorus .- Gather tham in. &c. Chorus .- Gather them in. &c.

4 Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in : Gather them in from all over the land. Gather them in, gather them in; Gather them in to our noble band,

Gather, gather them in : Gather them in with a Christian love. Gather them in, gather them in : Gather them in for the Church above. Gather, gather them in .- Cho.



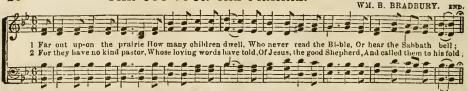


- 2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good ! 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood; For children's sake he was reviled, For Jesus loves a little child.
- 3 When I offend, by thought or tongue, 4 To me may Jesus now impart, Omit the right, or do the wrong, If I repent he's reconciled, For Jesus loves a little child.
 - Although so young, a gracious heart: Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled, Yet Jesus loves a little child.



- 2 Much of my time has run to waste. And I, perhaps, am near my home : But he forgives my follies past: He gives me strength for days to come.
 - 3 I lay my body down to sleep, Peace is the pillow for my head ; While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

FAR OUT UPON THE PRAIRIE. 7s & 6s.



Cho. - Far out up-on the prairie How many children dwell, Who never read the Bi-ble, Or hear the Sabbath bell;



7s & 6s.

- 3 I wish that I could tell them
 How Jesus come to die,
 When he for little children
 Left his bright throne on high;
 And all the sad, sad story
 Of sorrow which he bore,
 When for his crown of glory
 A crown of thorns he wore.—Cho.
- 4 And so each morn and evening,
 Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
 I'll ask the gracious Saviour
 To send his gospel there;
 That in the glorious city
 In which he dwells above,
 We all may sing together
 Of his redeeming love.—Oho,

7s & 6s. (New Chair)

- 1 Come, let us sing of Jesua,
 While hearts and accepts blend,
 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
 The sinner's only Friend;
 His holy soul rejoices,
 Amid the choirs above,
 To hear our youthful voices
 Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus, Who wept our path along; We love to sing of Jesus, The tempted and the strong; None who besonght his healing, He passed unheeded by; And still retains his feeling For us above the sky.

- We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who died our soul to save;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
 And in our hour of danger,
 We'll trust his love alone,
 Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.
 Cho.—We love to sing, &c.
- 4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus,
 Throughout eternal day;
 For those, who here confess him,
 He will in heaven confess;
 And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will forever bless.
 Cho.—We love to sing, &c.

MILLENNIUM SONG. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear,
 The evening is advancing,
 And midnight new is near;
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he draweth nigh;
 Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.

 Cho.—Rejoice, &c.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil, And wait for your salvation— The end of earthly toil.

The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet him, as he cometh, With Hallolujahs clear.

Cho.—Rejoice, &c.

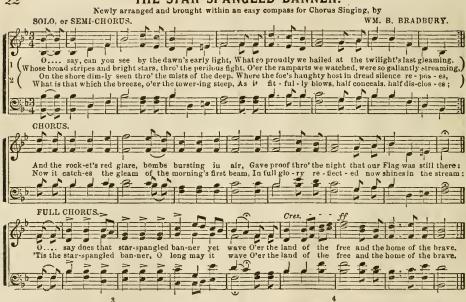
- 8 Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till in the songs of Jubilee,
 They meet the angel choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The doors wide open stand,
 Be ready, then, to meet him,
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

 Cho.—Rejoice, &c.
- 4 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and suff'rings core,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph east before him
 Your diadems of gold!

Cho .- Rejoice, &c.

5 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesns! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee!
Oho.—Rejoice, &o.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havee of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, should leave us no more—
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pellution.
No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; Cho.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—" In Goo is our trust!"

Cho.

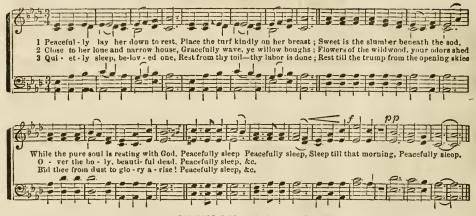




3 Look to Jesus! aged traveler
On life's long and changeful road:
See'st thou not? 'tis almost ended,
Soon thou'lt be at home with God:
Lean upon Him as you go,
Age and weakness stronger grow.

- 2 Look to Jesus! strong in manhood, Who art pressing on thy race: Slight the snares the world is spreading, Onward, upward speed thy pace: Poor and mean earth's brightest toys, Weighed with heavens eternal joys.
 - 4 Look to Jesus! steadfast ever
 Let us on his glory gaze;
 Though revealed here but dimly,
 Brightly on our souls 'twill blaze,
 If by looking here below,
 Like to Him our spirits grow.

33



PEACEFULLY REST.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone; Slow o'er the west the shallows rise; Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown, And night's dark mantle valis the skics, Cho.—Peacefully rest, &c.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone:
 In solenn silence rest, my soul!
 Bow down before His awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.
- 8 Soon shall a darker night descend, And vail from me you azi re skies:

I. M

(NEW CHAIN.)

Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid,
That bed the dying Saviour pressed

And soon shall death's oppressive hand

5 Again emerging from the night, 1, like my risen hord shall rise; Again drink in the morning light, Pure at its fount above the shies.

24

ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS.



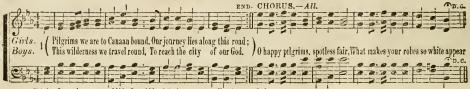
4 To Calv'ry's heights the little children bring: Permit them there to cling. Forbid them not, He'cries, Of such my kingdom is .- Chorus.

- That all who look may live .- Chorus.
- 8 On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads, He sets the captive free, A son and heir to be .- Chorus.
- 5 On Calv'ry's heights Faith spread hor eager wings. While Hope exultant sings: Love doth the conquest win, Victor of death and sln .- Chorus.

"COME TO JESUS, LITTLE ONE."

(NEW CHAIN.)





- D.O. Girls. Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood And we are traveling home to God.
 - 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years, In this dark desert to complain;
 A few more sighs, a few more tears,
 And we shall bid adieu to pain.—Chorus,
 - 8 O biessed land I U happy land!
 When shall we reach thy golden shore?
 And one redeemed, unbroken band,
 United be for evermore,—Chorus.
 - 4 And if our robes are pure and white, May we all reach that blessed abode?

- O yes, they all shall dwell in light,
 Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.—Chorus.
- 5 We all shall reach that golden shore, If here we watch, and fight, and prny; Straight is the way, and straight the door, And none but pilgrims find the way,—Chorue,
- 6 O, may we meet at last above,
 Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
 And sing for ever Jesus' love,
 While saints and angels join the song.—Chorus.

PILGRIM, IS THY JOURNEY DREAR?

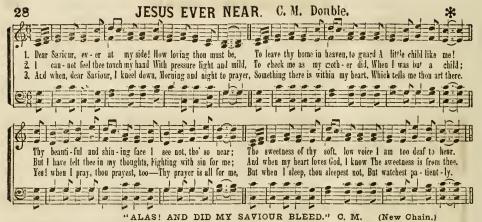
(NEW CHAIN.)



- 8 Storms may gather o'er thy path, All the ties of life may sever; Still, amid the fear of death, God forsakes the righteous never !
- 8 Pain may rack the wasting frame, Health desert thy conch forever,

- 4 Earthly joys may all decline At the mandate of the Giver, Yot why shouldst thou e'er repine, God forsakes the righteous never 1
- 5 When thy final hour shall come, But a voice dispels the gloom,





1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as 1?
Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He hung upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! Remember, &c.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's, sin. Remember, &c.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears. Remember, &c.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do. Remember, &c.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR."

(NEW CHAIN.)

3 Remember thy Creator now : llis willing servant be: Then, when thy head in death shall bow,

He will remember thee.

2 Remember thy Creator now, 4 Almighty God! our hearts incline And seek him while he's near; Thy heavenly voice to hear; Let all our future days be thine, For evil days will come, when thou Shalt find no comfort near. Devoted to thy fear.



So kindly been bestowed. While many a sweet an ardent prayer From his full heart has flowed?

1 Remember thy Creator now,

In these thy youthful days,

He will accept thy earliest yow, And listen to thy praise.

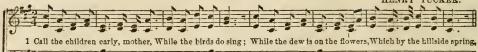
3 And why has truth divine Soft from his line distilled? Why should his heart so much incline Toward every little child?

- Who all the glory claims, Long spare him in this hallowed place To feed the tender lambs.
- 5 And may our hearts no more Incline to sinful ways. But learn our Saviour to adore. And give to God the praise.

The words of this song (without the chorus) were originally written by Dr. Hastings for a S. S. Celebration at St. George's Church, New-York, then under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Milnor. The response has been added as an appropriate " Refrain " for the little ones.

CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY.

HENRY TUCKER.





Oft repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord; Oft repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord

Call the children early, father, Cal

While the dew is on; Great the work that must be done Before the morning's gone. Call them round the altar bright On which burns devotion's light. Call the children early, teacher—
To their wond'ring eyes,
Every Sabbath day, set forth
The pearl of richest price.
Call them early to the Lord—

Thou shalt reap a rich reward.

Call the children early, Shepherd,
Give the lambs thy care;
See that they are folded safe
Within the bouse of prayer.
Call them at the dawn of day,
Lead them in the narrow way.

CHRIST FOR ME. (NEW CHAIN.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



CHRIST FOR ME. Concluded.

2 In him I see the Godhead shine
Christ for me, Christ for me;
He is the majesty divine,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
The Father's well-beloved son,
Co-partner of his royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

3 To-day as yesterday the same,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
How precious is his balmy name,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
Christ a mere man, may answer you
Who error's winding path pursue,
But I with past can never do,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

I'LL RISE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING.



While there I'll listen to my teacher, And treasure up what he may say, While their I'll listen to my teacher, As up to heaven he points the way. For oh, I love my teacher dear, My teacher dear, my teacher dear, For oh, I love my teacher dear, So good and kind to me. I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
And try to practice what I learn;
I'll learn my lesson in the Bible,
And every sinful way will shun.
For oh, I lowe that blessed book,
That blessed book, that blessed book,
For oh, I love that blessed book,
So fall of grace and truth.

Then I'll not trifle any longer.

Nor throw my precious hours away,
Then I'll not trifle any longer,
But go to Christ without delay;
And dwell with him in heaven above.

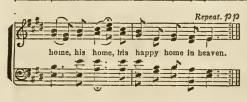
And dwell with him in heaven above, In heaven above, in heaven above— And dwell with him in heaven above, A heaven of joy and love,

3 1

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER, D. D.



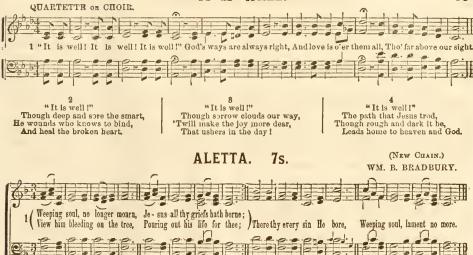


- 3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid, And strength decays, and our health is riven, We are happy still with our home in heaven. Choavs.—Our home, &c.
- 4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds, By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds; Oh! then what bliss, in that heart forgiven, Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven. CHORUS.—A home, &&

5.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled, To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead, We wait in hope on the promise given; We will meet up there, in our home in heaven. CHORUS.—Our home, &c. 5.

Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
And the Spirit joined with the Bride, says come;—
Come seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
Chous.—Your home, do.



2 All thy crimes on him were laid; See, upon his blameless head Wrath its utmost vengeance pours, Due to my offence and yours; Weary sinner, keep thine eyes On the atoning sacrifice. 3 Cast thy guilty soul on him, Find him mighty to redeem; At his feet thy burden lay, Look thy doubts and fears away; Now by faith the Son embrace, Plead his promise, trust his grace.



2 Shall we know each other, ever, In that land?

Shall we know each other, ever, In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall know each other, Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?

Shall we sing with holy angels In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, Saints and angels sing for ever,

Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,

In that land?

Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall rest for ever, Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that land?

Shall we meet our dear, lost children
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, Children meet and sing for ever Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6 Shall we know our blessed Saviour In that land?

Shall we know our blessed Saviour In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, We shall know our blessed Saviour, Far beyond the rolling river, Love and serve him there for ever. &c.

84

THE GLAD HOSANNA.

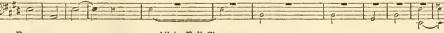
(New Chain.)

35

Words by H. S. WASHBURN. Music by WM, B. BRADBURY. Full Chorus, # Semi-Chorus of Girls. pp* Full Chorus. 1. Shout a - gain the glad ho - san - na! Shout a - gain the glad ho - san - na, Hith - er all your tributes bring! Un - der-neath our star-ry ban-ner. Un - der-neath our star-ry ban-ner, Let the swell-ing an-thom ring:

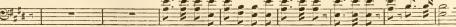
pp In strict time.

Peace, Peace, Peace I For the Heavenly Dove de-scend-ing, Whispers to the na - tlon, Peace, Peace, Peace !



All in Full Chorus. Boys.

Then shout again your glad hosannas, Shout again your glad hosannas, Shout again! shout again! shout, shout again!



: O'er the hills the Day is breaking, : Brightly glows the morning star. : And the toiling bondman haileth. :

Tidings, tidings from afar: Peace, &c.

!: East and West prolong the chorus, : ! North and South are foes no more:

: War has ceased, and let the echo : Swell along from shore to shore: Peace, &c.

1: Youth and age repeat the story. God hath set the captive free,

1: Unto Him be all the glory, : Peal it over land and sea: Peace, &c.

* This should e sung in strict time, and so soft as to produce by contrast the effect of an echo.

Composed for and sung at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Au. S. S. Union, New York, May 8th, 1866.



3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter Grief nor woe my lot shall share : But in that celestial centre. I a crown of life shall wear. There is rest for the weary, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished, 5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory; And his sting shall be withdrawn: Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed, Hail with joy the rising morn. There is rest for the weary, &c.

Shout your triumph as you go; Zion's gate will open for you, You shall find an entrance through. There is rest for the weary, &c.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. O'ER the dark abodes of sorrow, Cheered by no reviving ray, Brightly temperance arising, Brings a bright and glorious day, CHORUS.—There is hope for the fallen, There is hope for the fallen, There is hope for the fallen. There is hope for all.

2 Thousands long in bondage groaning, Hail the bright and glorious light;

See from eastern coast to western Quickly fly the shades of night.

3 May the heart-reviving story, Win and conquer-never cease-May the ranks of temperance ever Multiply and still increase.

4 Now the trump of temperance sounding. Rouse! ye freemen! why delay? Let your voices, all resounding, Welcome on the happy day.



2.
What are the wild birds singing,
Full of glee—full of glee,

Swiftly their pinions winging, O'er the flowery lea,

Praising the God who made them, Free as air—free as air,

Kindly his hand arrayed them, In the plumes they wear.

Wood and stream and meadow gay, Join the merry, merry lay,

All are praising God to day, And we will praise him too.

CHORUS.—That is what makes, &c.

8.

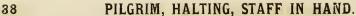
What are the angels singing,
Robed in white, crowned with light,
Ever their music ringing,
In that world so bright,
Singing of grace and glory,

Sweet and clear—sweet and clear, Telling the wondrous story,

Children love so dear.

Happy, happy angel band, Round our Father's throne they stand In that pure and sunny land, Our home beyond the sky.

CHORUS.—That is what makes, &c.





2 Though thy way seem dark and lone, [3 Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Look above, look above : Though thy way seem dark and lone,

Look, look above; All is light around the throne-

Sorrow's sighs are there unknown-All is love, all Is love, All, all is love.

Him obey, him obey ;

Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him, him obey;

Trust him, though thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that leadeth thee

All the way, all the way, All, all the way.

14 Hark! a voice of melody!

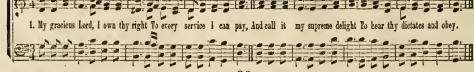
"Pilgrim come! Pilgrim come!"

Hark! a voice of melody! "Pilgrim, come home!"

'Tis thy father calleth thee, Onward press, and soon thou'lt be Safe at home, safe at home, Safe, safe at home.

COTTAGE CHANT. L. M. (New Chain.)

WM. B. BRADDURY.



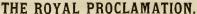
- 2 What is my being but for thee,—
 Its sure support, its noblest end?
 'Tis my delight thy face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy, Or to increase my worldly good; Nor future days nor powers employ To spread a sounding name abroad.

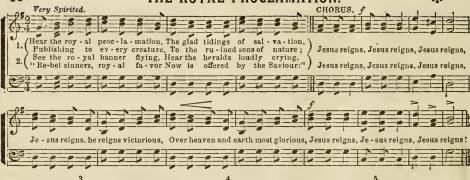
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live— To him who for my ransom died Nor could all worldly honor give Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless, When youthful vigor is no more; And my last hour of life confess His saving love, his glorious power.



3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam. 'Tis light shining forth from my happy home, Music that thrills my soul to hear, Seems floating me over thy surface drear. Waft me. &c. 4 Help me. I feel the waters rise, Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes, Saviour, I come—I soon shall be Among the blest purchase of Calvary. Waft me. &c.







"Here is wine, and milk and honey; Come, and purchase without money ; Mercy flowing from a fountain, Streaming from the holy mountain."

Cho.-Jesus reigns, &c.

Shout, ve tongues of every nation, To the bounds of the creation : Shout the praise of Judah's Lion.

The Almighty Prince of Zion. Cho .- Jesus reigns, &c.

Cho.-Jesus reigns, &c.

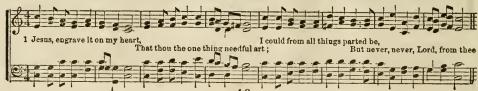
Christ hath purchased our redemption ; Angels, shout the pleasing story, Through the brighter worlds of glory,

Shout ye saints, make joyful mention,

(NEW CHAIN.)

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



- 2 Needful is thy most precious blood, To reconcile my soul to God; Needful is thy indulgent care; Needful thy all prevailing prayer.
- 8 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord. True peace and comfort to afford; Needful thy promise, to impart Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

- 4 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay, Through all life's dark and weary way: Nor less in death thou'lt needful be, To bring my spirit home to thea.
- 5 Then needful still, my God, my King, Thy name eternally I'll sing ! Glory and praise be ever his. The one thing needful Jesus is.



" Pity us, Juggernaut! we've given away Lives of our children dear, thee to appease, Give to us, give to us tokens of peace."-Cho.

3 Here, in this happy land, we have the light Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright; Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need ?-Cho.

4 Then while the mission ships glad tidings bring, List! as that heathen band joyfully sing, "Over the ocean wave, oh! see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."-Cho.

STAR OF ETERNAL DAY. (New Chain.)

1 Star of eternal day. Cloudless and bright, Guide of the pilgrims' way, Banish my night; Come thou celestial Dove. Dwell in my heart! Source of immortal love Never depart.

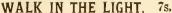
Oh, how I long for thee, Spirit divine, What is the world to me, Jesus is mine. 2 When shall my wanderings cease,

When shall I rest Safe in the port of peace. Happy and blest.

There from thy dear embrace Severed no more Lord, I shall see thy face, Praise and adere. Oh! I would fly to thee, Spirit divine : Earth has no tie for me. esus is mine.



- 4 Should the dearest of earth, the son of thy heart—
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
 Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To the soil where affection is ever in bloom,
- 5 And oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast His fears on the future. his pall on the past, In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart And a smile in thine eye, look aloft, and depart





Let us walk in the light, in the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light. In the light of God.

Shall we ever rise to dwell, In the light, in the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God; And can children ever go, In the light, in the light, Where eternal Sabbaths glow, In the light of God.—Chorus,

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, in the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God; For the good a rest remains, In the light, in the light, Where the glorious Saviour reigns, In the light of God.—Chorus. CALL TO PRAISE.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 In the light, in the light,
 As we journey, sweetly sing,
 In the light of God;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 In the light, in the light,
 Glorious in his works and ways,
 In the light of God.—Chorus.
 We are travelling home to God,

In the way our fathers trod,
In the light of God;
They are happy now, and we,
In the light, in the light,
Soon their happiness shall see,
In the light of God,—Chorus.

In the light, in the light,

THE SWEETEST NAME.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME." &C.



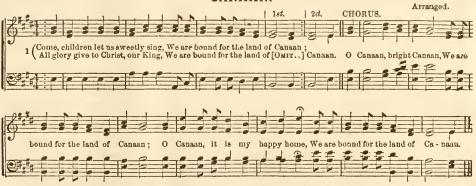
Jeans is our Shepherd;
Well wo know his volce;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chidoth,
Tender is his tone;
None but he shall guide us,
We are his alone.

Jesns Is our Shepherd;
For the sheep he bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood he shed.
Then on each he setteth
His own secret sign:
"They that have my Spirit,

Jesns is our Shepherd,
Guided by his arm,
Though the wolves may threatea,
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

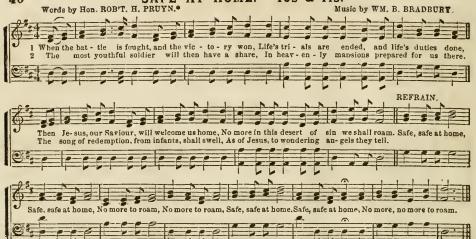
CANAAN.

These," saith he, " are mine."



Come, then, and join our happy band,
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 To ever dwell at Ch ist's right hand,
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
 Chorus.—O Canaan, &c.

Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan;
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaaa.
Chorus.—O Canaan, &a.



- 3 Though taken from earth in life's earliest morn, The crown of our Saviour we'll ever adorn, More bright than the stars will thy ransomed ones shine, For the radiance, dear Saviour, 's eternally thine.
- 4 Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme, For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam, Our minds with the riches of wisdom be stored, For God will be known and for ever adored.
 - * The Refrain has been added to the original hymn.

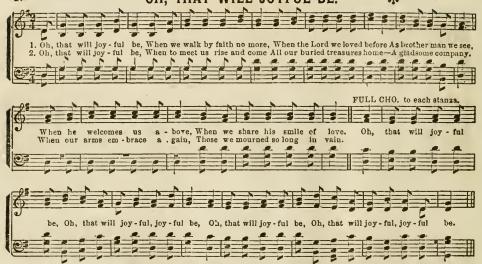


B sung by slaves in foreign lands?

On willow trees that withered there.

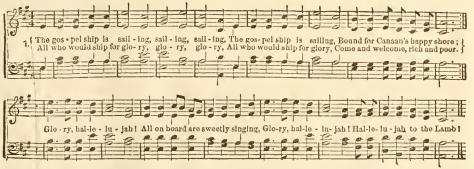






Oh, that will joyful be,
When the foes we dread to meet,
Every one beneath our feet
We tread triumphantly.
When we never more can know
Slightest touch of pain or woe.
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c.

4 Oh, that will joyful be,
When we hear what uone can toll,
And the ringing chorus swell
Of angel's melody.
When we join their songs of praise,
Hullelujahs with them raise—
Chorus.—Oh, that will, &c



- 2 She has landed many thousands, Thousands, thousands, She has landed many thousands, On fair Canaan's happy shore; And thousands now are sailing, Sailing, sailing, And thousands now are sailing, Yet there's room for thousands more, Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- Sails filled with heavenly breezes, Breezes, breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along.

Her company are singing, Singing, singing, Her company are singing, Glory, glory is their song. Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.



- 3 Go ye forth to every land, Preach the gospel in my name, Was the Saviour's great command; Joy to every soul proclaim, To the weary tell of rest; Open wide the prison door,
 - Open wide the Frison door,
 Fear ye not, for 1 am with you,
 Till the world shall be no more,
 Lo, the mission fields are white
 With your banners wide unfurl'd,
 Go, ye heralds of salvation,
 Preath repentance to the world.

With the Bible in your hand, And your Father's smile to cheer, You shall reap a golden harvest, And the happy time is near. Chorus. Let the gospel, &c.

3 From their idols turned away,
By the light of pardoning love,
Shall the nations learn to pray
To the God who reigns above;
From the islands of the deep,
Over India's sultry plain.

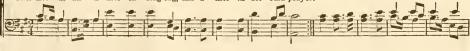
Shall a choral hymn be wafted
To our native land again.
For the time is drawing near,
And a glorious time 'twill be,
When the truth shall overspread th

When the truth shall overspread the earth,
As waters fill the sea;
And Messiah's holy name

Be in every clime adored,
And the kingdoms of the world become
The kingdoms of the Lord.
Chorus. Let the gespel, &c.

THE MORNING BELLS. 8s & 7s.



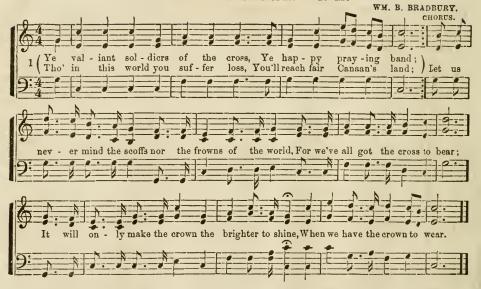




'Tis an hour of happy meeting, Children meet for praise and prayer; But the hour is short and fleeting, Let us then be early there. Chorus. Come, children, &c.

Do not keep our teachers walting, While you tarry by the way; Nor disturb the school reciting, 'Tis the hely Sabbath-day. Chorus Come, children, &c.

Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Theusands, too, in solemn prayer.
Chorus. Come, ci jidren, &c.



2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through. Cho.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be, When we arrive at home. Our friends and Jesus we shall see, And God shall say, "Well done."

JINO

Hymns to the Tune "Bright Crown."

HEAVENLY CANAAN. C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land,

Where my possessions lie.

Cho.-Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

- 9 O'er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day; Their God, the Son, forever reigns, And scatters night away.
- 8 No chilling winds nor pols'nous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest! When shall I see my Father's face, And on his bosom rest?

HEAVEN, C. M.

- 1 There is a clime where Jesus reigns,
 A home of grace and love,
 Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
 Of his redeeming love.
 Cho.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &g.
- 2 And children, too, will join to bless The preclous Saviour's name, Clothed in his perfect righteonsness, And saved from sin and shame.
- 8 Yet all, alas! may not be there, For some will slight his grace; Now, though he calls, they do not care To turn and seek his face.

4 He says to all "Come unto me, And I will give you rest." Oh! linger not, but haste to be With his salvation blest.

THE BLEST GOSPEL BANNER.

Mnsic,-" The Star Spangled Banner." p. 22.

1 Ir first was unfurled upon Bethlehem's plain, Where shepherds their lone starry night-watch were keeping:

And Judea's hils echoed back the refrain,
While God's chosen race all unconscious were sleeping,
As angelic bands lifted high in their hands
The standard which yet was to conquer all lands,
O say, does the blest gospel banner yet wave
Over altars and homes, and the path to the grave?

2 Yes! from dark lonely watch-towers it floated for years, When dim mists and black shadows enveloped the ages, At first crimsoned with blood, and then darkened with tears.

With which martyrs recorded their names on earth's pages.

Now hath vanished the night, and we hail the glad light, Which illumines that banner, unfurled to our sight, 'Tis the blest gospel banner—long may it wave Over alters and homes, and the path to the grave,

8 And thus be it ever with the foes of the right, Who hurl on our cause their flerce imprecations, For God helps to triumph in his roly might, The men who will serve him through all generations; And when dust to dust shall return, as it must, We may praise him forever, who now is our trust: And the blest gospel banner in glory snall wave. Over altars and homos, and the path to the grave!

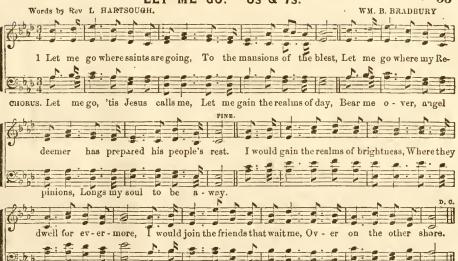


Cheerfully, cheerfully we will attend
The message which Christ thro' our teachers shall send,
A message of freedom, a message of peace,
From Satan's temptations a final release,
Oh! welcome the day, when thus ransomed from sin,
The teacher and scholar shall both enter in.
CRORUS —Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

Cheerfully, cheerfully angels shall wait,
To welcome us in at the bright, pearly gate!
A Sabbath so sacred! so glorious we'll spend,
A long day of resting that never shall end,
One sweet song of praise to the Lamb that was slain!
When we pass over Jordan we'll praise him again.

Chorus .- Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

54



2 Let me go where noue are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe,
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my sonl away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! Pre gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them finde and die.



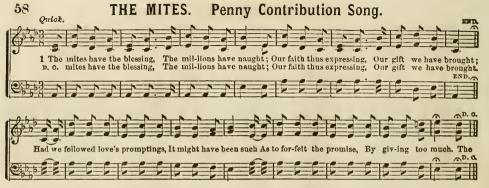


- 2 Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well, Ours is such a full salvation, All, all is well; Happy, still in God confiding, Fruicial, if in Christ abiding
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well; Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well; On our Father's love relying, Jesus every need supplying, Or in living, or in dying, All must be well.



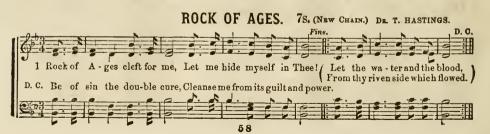
2 Softly on the Sabhath air
Swell our hymns of grateful love;
Josus listens to our prayer,
Hears the children's strains above.
They who early seek his grace,
Objects of his tender care,
Sing the songs of colless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.
Sing the song, Sing the song,
Sing the songs of onless praise,
In heavenly mansions fair.

3 He who left his throne ahove,
Poor, lost sinners to redeem,
He whose words are life and love—
Jesus Christ shall be our theme.
Thus to Sabbath school we go,
In its sacred duties share,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship there.
Learn the song, Learn the song,
Learn the songs of heaven below,
And gladly worship theris.



2 The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when shall we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn

And leave to the miser
His golden delights?
Far better and wiser
With our blessed mites.

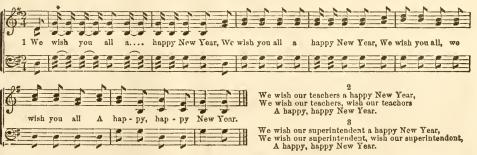


ROCK OF AGES. Concluded.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands Can fulfill Thy law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 8 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress;

- Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to Thy fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown. See Thee on Thy judgment-throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee

HAPPY NEW YEAR.



We wish our pastor, wish our pastor A happy, happy New Year.

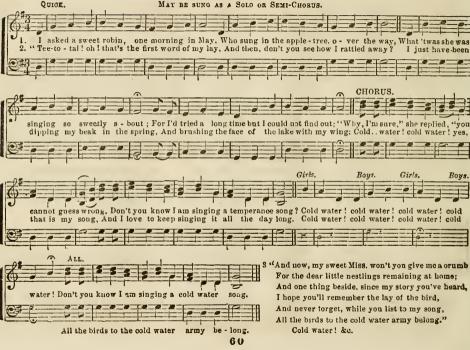
A happy, happy New Year,

We wish our pastor a happy New Year, We wish our country a happy New Year, God bless our land this happy New Year We wish our country, wish our country God bless our land, God bless our land, This happy, happy New Year.

* Omit slurs for third strain.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

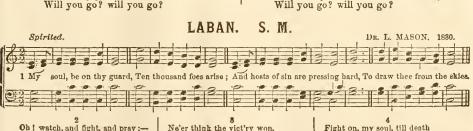






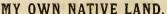
2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go? will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go? will you go?

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience case,
Will you go? will you go?

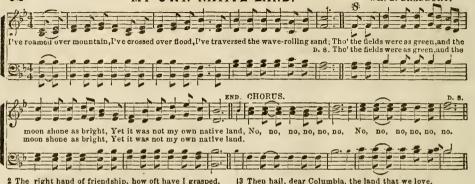


Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;— The battle ne'er give o'er, Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore, Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thine arduous work will not be done, Till thou obtain thy crown. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode.





WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 The right hand of friendship, how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland; Yet happier far were the hours that I passed In the west—in my own native land, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Yet happier far were the hours, &c.

IMPORTANCE OF THE BIBLE TO THE YOUNG.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Where flourishes Liberty's tree;

'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, &c.

Tune .- BROWN. Page 97. (New Chain.)

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise:
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE BIBLE.

1

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis here that we find The story of Christ and his love— How he came down to earth from his beautiful home, In the mansions of glory above;

Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will slng,
he came down to earth from his beaut

For he came down to earth from his beautiful home, In the mansions of glory above.

2

While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind, And to mourners his blessings were given;

And he said let the little ones come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven. Jesus calls us to come.

He's prepared us a home.

For he said let the little ones come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

R

In the Bible we read of a beantiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home,
Jesus calls, shall we stay?

No! we'll gladly obey.

For Jesus Is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

4

Thank God for the Bible! Its truth o'er the earth We'll scatter with a bountiful hand; But we never can tell what a Bible is worth, Till we go to that beautiful land.

There our thanks we will bring, There with angels we'll sing,

And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell, In heaven—that beautiful land.

MY DEAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1

To the sports of the thoughtless, or pleasure of sin,
Some give the sweet Sabbath of rest;
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,
For my dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best.
But away with all sports, or pleasures so vain,

I love my companions, I love youth's gay scenes,
With brightness and purity blest;
Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn,
For my deer Supular School is the best

For my dear Sunday School is the best.

For my dear Sunday School is the best, My dear Sunday School is the best, My dear Sunday School is the best.

Yet better by far is the sweet Sabbath morn, For my dear Sunday School is the best.

8

I love the sweet birds, and the fields, and the flowers.
In beauty so charmingly dressed;
But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,
For my dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best,
My dear Sunday School is the best.
But there's purer delight in the still sacred hours,

For my dear Sunday School is the best.

Then I'll sing of my school, and the Sabhath I love,
Bright emblems of heavenly rest;
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine?
Oh, bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest,
Bring me to share in that rest.
Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour divine?

Thou Guide of my youth—thou Saviour div Oh, bring me to share in that rest.



2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings, Hosannas to the King of kings, The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim Salvation sent in Jesus' name. Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart, | 4 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear: Alike to Jew and Gentile heart : He bled for us, he bled for you, And we will sing hosanna too. Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

See David's Son and Lord appear! All praise on earth to him be given, And glory shout thro' highest heaven. Cho. Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

WARD. L. M.

(NEW CHAIN.)



FINE.

Concluded. WARD.

Lond may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide ; While every nation, every shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God: Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace, thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love. Secure against a threatening hour; Nor can her firm foundation move. Built on his truth, and armed with power.

ZION ENCOURAGED. L. M. (NEW CHAIN...

- 1 Zion, awake; thy strength renew; Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God, arise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen nations are: Gentiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall admire and love thee too.



4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair; Farewell, all I've loved below-I must be there. Worldlyhonors, hopes, and gain, All I resign; Welcome serrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

- 2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near, I must be gone. Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away; Pleasures that for ever live-I can not stay.
- 3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair. Where is seen no broken band-All, all are there. Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor hearts be sad: Where the glory is for all, and All are glad.
- 5 I'm a traveler-call me not-Upward my way : Yonder is my rest and lot : I can not stay. Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam; Hail me not-in vain you call Youder's my home.



- 2 Ohl drink of this river, its full crystal flood Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load, Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife, This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."—Chorus,
- 8 This beautiful river our boast well may be,
 'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis freel
 The sin-sick rejoice in this peace-speaking tide,
 This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."—Chorus.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

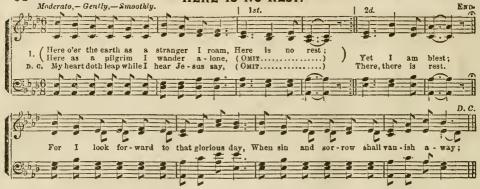
BOST.



2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours! Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers. 8 I yield my powers to thy command; To thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings, from thy hand, Demand perpetual songs of praise.



- 3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine, While like a penitent I stand, And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes, her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.



2

Here are afflictions and trials severe,

Here is no rest;

Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,

Yet I am blest,

Sweet is the promise I read in his word,

Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,

They have been called to receive their reward.

There, there is rest.
3.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest;
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary for ever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast—
There, there is rees.

LIVING WATERS. C. M. (New Chain.) Tune.—ALEXANDER. Page 75.

- 1 Oh! what amazing words of grace Are in the gospel found! Suited to every sinner's case, Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds; Your every burden bring; Here love, unchanging love, abounds, A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows, And heavenly joy imparts; Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose, And drink with thankful hearts,
- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,

 Have here found life and peace;

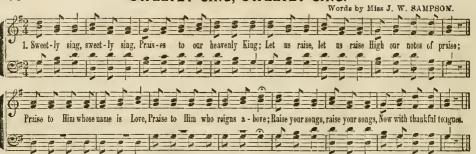
 Gome, then, and prove its virtues too,

 And drink, blore and bless.



2 The hour of pleasant meeting,
Meeting, meeting,
The hour of pleasant meeting,
We'll all be ready there;
Teachers and scholars greeting,
Greeting, greeting,
Teachers and scholars greeting
To join in praise and prayer.—Cho.

3 Let none outside be staying, Staying, staying, Let none outside be staying, Or loitering by the way; But here their lessons saying, Saying, saying, But here their lessons caying, Enjoy this blessed day.—Cho.



Angels bright, angels bright, Robed in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In melodious lays; But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song— Redeeming love, redeeming love, Brought us here above. Far away, far away, We in sin's dark valley lay, Jesus came, Jesus came, Blessed be his name! He redeemed us by his graco, Then prepared in heaven a place To receive—to receive All who will believe. Now we know—now We know
We to heaven must shortly go:
Soon the call—soon the call
Comes to one and all.
Sariour! when our time shall come,
Take us to our heavenly home,
There we'll raise notes of praise,
Through unending days.

DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL. S. M. Tune-STATE ST. (New Chain.)

O Lord our God! arise;
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And wide o'er all the peopled world,
 Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of life! arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace! arise,
Expand thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth! arise, To God, the Saviour, sing; From shore to shore, from earth to heaven, Let echoing anthems sing.

1 Early rise, early rise, As the Sabbath school you prize; Haste away, haste away, 'Tis the Sabbath day.

Nor from Sabbath school must stay; This the rule, this the rule, Go to Sabbath school.

2 Sabbath school, Sabbath school,

How I love the Sabbath school? Let us go, let us go, Wiser still to grow. Here we read, and sing, and pray,

Talk of heaven, and learn the way; Hie away, hie away, On this holy day.

We must neither work nor play;

3 Children here, children here, Come to learn, obey, and fear:

Fear the Lord, fear the Lord, Read his holy word. Thus shall love and filial fear

Mingle with devotion here,

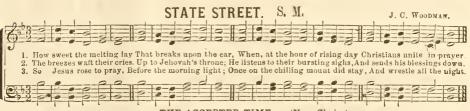
Pressing on, pressing on, Youth will soon be gone.

4 We, in youth, we, in youth, Will obey and love the truth:

Walk therein, walk therein, Turning from all sin.

Then, when age and death come on, We may safely lean upon

Jesus' breast, Jesus' breast, Die, and be at rest.



THE ACCEPTED TIME. (New Chain.)

1 Now is the accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now, sinners, come, without delay, And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th'accepted time; The Saviour calls to-day; To-morrow it may be too late; Then why should you delay? 3 Now is th' accepted time; The gospel bids you come, And every promise in his word Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls. And feast them with thy love: Then will the angels swiftly fly To bear the news above.



Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom; Where, death, where is thy sadness? Jesus returns from the tomb, Jesus returns, Jesus returns from the tomb.

Light, light, spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawning, Jesus is risen on high; Jesus is risen, Jesus is risen on high. Hail, hail, children adore him, Here, here, anthems should ring, There, there, dwelling oefore him, Loudest hosannas we'll sing; Loudest hosannas, Loudest hosannas,

THE HOME MISSIONARY'S EXAMPLE, 7s. Tune.-VIOLET. (New Chain.)

1 Onward, herald of the gospel,
Bear thy tidings through the land;
Preach the word, as heaven's apostle,
Sent by Christ's divine command.
Jesus, once the gospel preaching,
Through his native Judah wess.
Salem's sons in mercy teaching,
Calling Israel to repent.

2 Israel, all his deep love slighting, Spurning all his tenderness, Still he followed, still inviting, Weeping where he could not bless. Follow, then, thy Lord's example; Toil in hope, nor faint, nor fear, For thy needs his grace is ample, At thy side he's ever near.

3 Work, until the day is ended, Till thy sun sinks in the West; Then, with joy and triumph blended, Christ shall bring thee to his rest, Onward, herald of the gospel, Bear thy tidings through the land; Preach the word, as heaven's apostle, Sent by Christ's divine command.

Oh! 'tis not 'n grief to harm me,

While thy love is left to me;

Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me-

Were that joy unmixed with thee,

LOVE ONE ANOTHER. 8s & 7s.

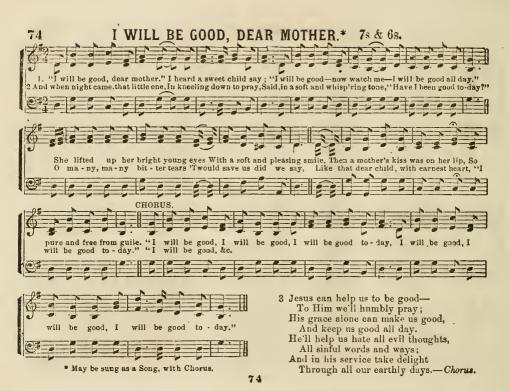


Foes may hate, and friends disdwn me; Show thy face, and all is bright, 73

Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,

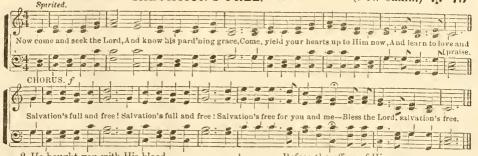
God of wisdom, love and might!

All I've sought, or hoped, or known,



SALVATION'S FREE. S. M.

(New Chain.) * 75



2 He bought you with His blood, He'll wash you white as snow, And through your soul the peaceful stream Of love and joy shall flow—Cho.

3 Say, sinners, can you still Resist His dying love; Refuse the offers of His grace, And lose a home above!—Cho.

4 Gaze on the bloody cross!
Gaze on your dying Lord!
Now think, He only died to save
From hell, from sin's reward.—Cho.



2 There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?



76

Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the sheal.

Safe, safe to the overgreen shore .- Chu.

He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul.

Sink to be seen never more ;

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon.

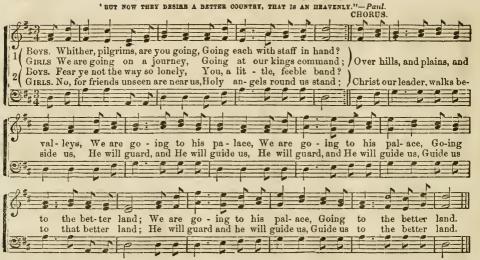
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,

Will drive all our terror away .- Cho.

Send not a glimmering ray.



THE BETTER LAND. 8s & 7s.



8 Boys. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for In that far-off, better land?

Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand;

ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever
In that bright, that better land.

4 Boys. Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
GIRLS. Come and welcome, come and welcome,

Welcome to our pilgrim band.

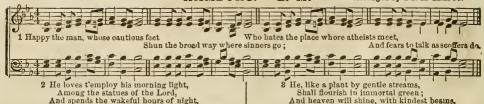
ALL. Come. O come! and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us.
In that bright, that better land.

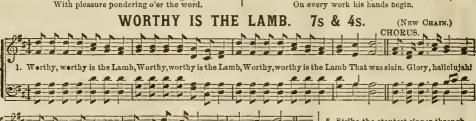




HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON





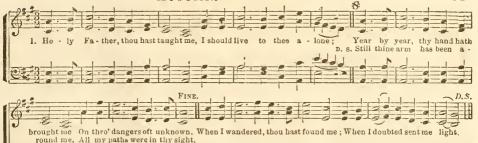
2. Sons of Morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.—Cho.

Praise Him, halle-lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb!

 Christ has come in very deed, Born to bruise the serpent's head; Sinner, he's the friend you need, Praise the Lamb.—Cho.

4. See, in sad Gethsemane, See, on tragic Calvary, Sinner, see his love to thee, Praise the Lamb.—Cho.

- Strike the stoutest sinner through, Force the cry, "what shall I do?" Let him weep till born anew, Bressed Lamb.—Cho.
- Penitents, dry up your tears, God hath heard believing prayers, He forgives you when he hears His dear Lamb.—Cho.
- 7. Thus may we each moment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him stil, Till we all on Zion's hill See the Lamb.—Oho.



2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou caust give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed,

CHRIST WITH US. 8s & 7s. (New Chain.)

1 Always with us, always with us— Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers. From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

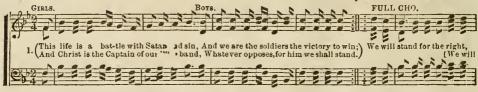
3 I would trust in thy protecting, Wholly rest upon thine arm; Follow wholly thy directing, Thou, mine only guard from harm! Keep me from mine own undoing, Help me turn to thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father viewing, Keep me ever at thy side.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear; Waking hope within our bosoms, Stilling every auxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

82 WE'LL STAND FOR THE RIGHT, OR LIFE'S BATTLE. 11s. *

Words by MRS. J. W. SAMPSON.





2 To God, for our armor, we'll fail not to go, He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too:

The "Gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend. The good "shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.—Cho.

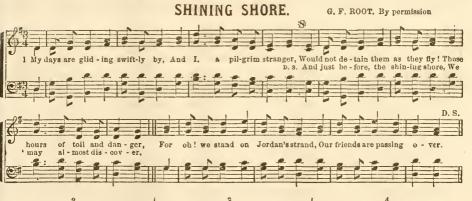
Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword, Tho' wily our foes, we're "strong in the Lord;" While watching and praying our armor keeps bright, Our Jesus will holp us to stand for the right.—Cho. 14 Tho' little temptations (the worst ones of all)
Will often beset us, to make us to fall;
We'll "stand up for Josus," and, when life is o'er,
For us He'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.—Cho.

* From " Sabbath Chimes."

ORTONVILLE. C. M. (New Chain.) DR. T. HASTINGS. 1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace, &c.

- 3 No mortal can with him compare Among the sons of men: Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train.
- 8 He saw me plunged in deep distress. And flow to my relief: For me he bore the shameful cross. And carried all my grief.

- 4 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death. And saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine.



We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear. Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has left us word. Let every lamp be burning. For oh! &c.

We need not cease our singing ; That perfect rest nought can molest, Where golden harps are ringing. For oh! &c. 83

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sever, Our King says, Come, and there's out For ever, oh! for ever l [home For oh! &c.

Should coming days be dark and cold,



4 There saints, in life's fair book enrolled, (Our treasures are in heaven-) Walk joyous through the streets of gold,

(Our treasures are in heaven.) - Cho.

- 5 There white-robed throngs, with waving palms, (Our treasures are in heaven—)
 - Triumphant chant their holy psalms, (Our treasures are in heaven.) - Cho.

classes may sing it in like manner.

- 7 Our palace there already waits, (Our treasures are in heaven-) Lift up your heads, eternal gates, (Our treasures are in heaven.)—Cho.
- 8 We come through Jesus' blood to claim, (Our treasures are in heaven-) Our mansions in Jerusalem, (Our treasures are in heaven)-Cho.

* Or, the choir may sing the first part, and the children respond, "Our treasures, &c." Or Sabbath schools and infant

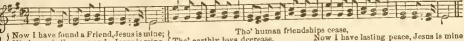


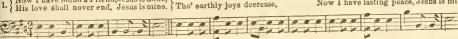
How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear. 8 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear.—For there's a crown for me.



6s & 4s.

(NEW CHAIN.)





8. When earth shall pass away,

In the great Judgment-day,

Oh! what a glorlous thing,

Then to behold my King,

On tuneful harp to sing,

Jesus is mine.

Jesus Is mine.

Jesus is mine.

2. Though I grow poor and old, Jesus is mine: He will my faith uphold, Jesus is mine;

He shall my wants supply. His precious blood is nigh,

Nought can my hope destroy, Jesus is mine l

4. Farewell, mortality! Jesus is mine. Welcome, eternity! Jesus is mine. He my Redemption is, Wisdom and Righteonsness, Life, Light, and Holiness, Jesus is mine.

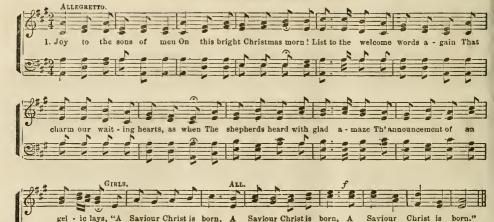
6s & 4s.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 THERE is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand. Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land, Come, come away, Why will ye doubting stand, Why still delay? Oh, we shall happy be, When, from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for ave! 85

8 Bright, in that happy land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh, then to glory run, Be a crown and kingdom won: And bright above the sun. We reign for ave.



Joy to earth's sorrowing child On this calm peaceful morn!

The holy harmless, undefiled, Can soothe his breast with comfort mild:

The hymn that floats along the air Shall find an answer echoing there— A Saviour, &c.

Joy to the sick and poor, "Blessed are they that mourn;" If they submissively endure, And trust his holy promise sure:

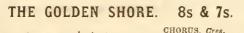
He comes all sorrow to relieve,
To comfort all who will believe—

The Saviour, &c.

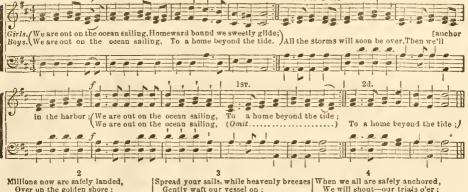
Love, joy, good-will, and peace, Since that first Christmas morn, Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease To Him who purchased our release,

Onr hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring,

And humbly, gratefully we'll sing, The Saviour, &c.



WM. B. BRADBURY.



Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Spread your sails, while heavenly br Gently wast our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—Cho.

When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore,—Cho.

WATCH AND PRAY. (

(NEW CHAIR.)

TUNE-Peterborough, page 77.

- 1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray, Through life's brief, fleeting hour, And gives the Sprit's quickening ray To those who seek his power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray, Maintain a warrior's strife; Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day; Obedience is our life,

- 8 The Saviour bids us watch and pray; For soon the honr will come That calls us from the earth away, To our eternal home.
- 4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray, And hear thy sacred voice. And walk, as thou hast marked the way, To heaven's eternal joys.

37



There's a light in the window for thee. Cho.



Come join the ranks, come join the ranks; We are waiting now for soldiers, who will volunteer, Rally round the standard of the cross. Hark! 'tis our captain calls you to-day, Lose not a moment, make no delay; Fight for our Saviour, come, come away, We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.

2 Hark! the cry of battle sounding loudly and clear, 3 Fighting for a kingdom and the world is our foe. Happy are we, happy are we, Glad to join the army, we will sing as we go, We shall gain the victory by and by. Dangers may gather why should we fear, Jesus our leader ever is near. He will protect us, comfort and cheer. We're joyfully, joyfully marching to our home.



2 I am weaned from this land of the dying; Decay is enstamped everywhere; Earth's pleasures are seeming and fleeting— My soul has grown weak with its care.

The joy-rays of life are remembered
Like sleep-thoughts that float thre' the brain,

The flesh and the spirit are weaving, Each striving the mastery to gain. Refrain.

3 I am waiting the summons that bids me No longer a pilgrim to roam,

But, leaving the past in this death-land, Make the land of the living my home, The messenger-angel stands waiting, The signal to whisper to me,

That the place is prepared for my dwelling, And the Master is calling for me. Refrain.

4 The land of the living is yonder;

There life to its fullness has grown; There sin, and temptation, and sorrow, And sickness, and death, are unknown. There the songs of redemption are chanted,

By a holy, harmonious band;

O, when shall I leave this clay casket,
And fly to my home in that land? Refram.

THE ANGELS ARE COMING. New Chain.) W. B. B. 91

A Christian Child's Drath-Bed.—Little Georgie D * * *, of Newark, N.J., for two years a consistent member of the Church of Christ was suddenly called to his death-bed. Trusting in Jesus, he was "not afraid to die." His mother bent over him trying to relieve his sufferings; when he looked at her tenderly, and said, "I don't think you can do anything more to belp me, mother." Then extending his arms, and lifting his eyes, with an earnest gaze as if eager to welcome the bright messengers sent to bear him to his Father's bouse, he exclaimed, "The angels are coming for me, they are coming!" Blessed boy, but a few moments more and he was with them winging his way to the realms of the blest.



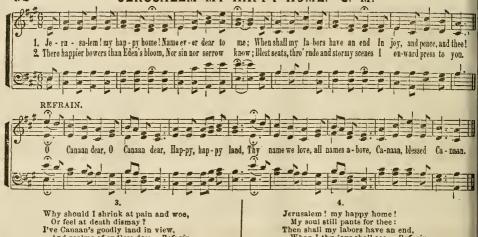
Going, going, going to sleep,
To wake where I never shall weep, mother,
Or suffer a moment of pain.
Glad voices are calling for me, mother,
Calling, calling, calling for me;

Their pinions of glory I see, mother.

Farewell till I meet thee again.
Yes, we shall meet by the river that flows,
Tranquil and bright on that beautiful shore,
There will thy sorrow be lost in repose,
There I will leave thee no more.

91

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME. C. M.



And realms of endless day, -Refrain,

When I thy joys shall see .- Refrain.

WIRTH. C. M. (New Chain.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



WIRTH Concluded.

- 8 Once in his arms the Saviour took Young children, just like me, And blessed them with a voice and look, As kind as kind could be.
- 4 I'd rather be the least of them That shar'd that look and tone, Than wear a royal diadem, And sit upon a throno.

- 5 And though to heaven the Lord hath gone, And seems so far away, He hath a smile for every one That doth his voice obey.
- 6 I'd rather be the least of them
 That he will bless and own,
 Than wear a royal diadem,
 And sit upon a throne.

ANGELS ARE HOVERING ROUND.



93

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. 8s, 7s & 4.



2 We are thine, do thou befriend us.
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus.

Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free,
Blessed Jesus,

We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor, Early let us do thy will; Blessed Lord and only Saviour, With thy love our bosoms fill. Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

(New Chain.)

HELENA. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below; May we its great importance learn, Its sovereign virtue know.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage Amidst our vouthful bloom : 'Twill fit us for declining age.

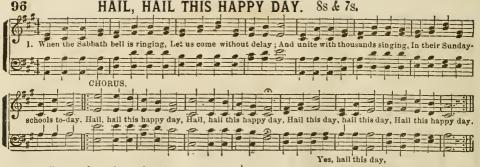
4 Let deep repentance, falth, and love Be joined with godly fear, And all our conversation prove Our hearts to be sincere.



Teach.— When before the judge. Who will open heaven's gate? When before the judge we wait, Schol .- Jesus Christ, our Advocate ; All,-Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Teach. - { At his feet our crowns we'll fling. While with rapturous songs we sing, Schol .- Jesus Christ, our Saviour King,

All .- Jesus, blessed Jesus.

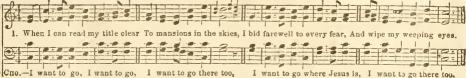


- 2 These are happy hours of meeting, When we hear the voice of prayer; But these hours are short and fleeting: Let us then be early there.—Cho.
- 8 We shall keep our teachers waiting, If we tarry by the way; Or disturb the school reciting, On this holy Sabbath day — Cho.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

- I THERE is a name I love to hear:
 I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music In mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of his precious blood, The sinner's only plea.
- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my smallest woe; Who in each sorrow hears a part That none can hear below.

- 4 Here the blessed gospel shows us
 All the precious atores of truth;
 And the Holy Spirit woos us
 From transgression in our youth—Cho,
- 5 When the Sabbath bell is ringing, Let us to the school repair, That we may unite in singing, And together kneel in prayer—Cho.
- C. M. Tune-BROWN. (New Chain.)
 - 4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.
 - 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still Along this thorny road— Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill That leads me up to God:
 - 6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng. From sin and sorrow free, Pill sing the new eternal song Of Jesus' love to me.



- 2 Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.—Cho.
- 8 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall—
 May I but safely reach my home.
 My God, my heaven, my all.—Cho.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.—Cho.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

- 1 There is a fold where none can stray, And pastures ever green, Where sultry sun, or stormy day, Or night is never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills, In God's own light it lies; His smile its vast dimension fills With joy that never dies.
- 8 One narrow vale, one darksome wave, Divides that land from this:

- I have a Shepherd pledged to save, And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie, In life's last struggling breath; But I shall only seem to die, I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be
 Exempt from toil and strife;
 To spend eternity with thee,
 My Saviour, this is life.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

- 1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand, With all engaging charms; Hark! how he calls the tender lambs And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he eries, Nor scorns their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came.
- 3 Oh! let us then with pleasure hear, And seek the Saviour's face; And fly with transport to receive The bleasings of his grace.





There, with brightest angels glowing, Joyful anthems ever flowing, Jesus seeing, loving, knowing, Is rest, sweet rest.
But earth's sorrows have their measure, Ending in eternal pleasure, When in heaven we find the treasure Of rest, sweet rest.
Joy from trouble we may borrow, Pleasure from our hours of sorrow, While we walt the dawning morrow Of heav'ns sweet rest.



SINNERS FLOCKING TO JESUS. 8s & 7s. Double.

1 See! the Scriptures are fulfilling—
Sinners flocking to their home:
Times the prophets were foretelling,
Signs and wonders now are come.
Gospel trumpets loud are sounding
Here and there on every hand:
God's own Spirit is descending,
Christians joining heart and hand!

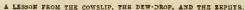
2 Thousands fall before Jehovah— "Mercy, mercy, loud they cry! Then with shouts of "Hallelujah," "Glory be to God on high!" Tune .- AUTUMN. Page 81. (New Chain.)

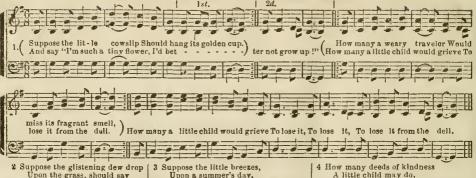
Many say, "'Tis all disorder,"
Disbelieve God's holy word;
Still these cry and shout the louder—
"Glory, glory to the Lord!"

8 "Come," is heard in each direction, "Young and old, and rich and poor;" These are "days of visitation;" Gospel grace may soon be o'er. Sinners, hear the invitation; O, thou dead and dying one, Fly to Jesus for salvation, Ere he shut the judgment throne!



LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.





Upon the grass, should say "What can a little dew drop do?

I'd better roll away!" The blade on which it rested. Before the day was done.

Without a drop to moisten it. ||: Would wither: || in the sun. Upon a summer's day.

Should think themselves too small to cool The traveler on his way ; Who would not miss the smallest

And softest ones that blow. And think they made a great mistake

||: In talking: || ever so.

A little child may do,

Although it has so little strength, And little wisdom too,

It wants a loving spirit Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child may do, il: For others, : || by his love.

78 & 6s.

(New Chain.)

L. MASON.





- Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole

Till o'er our ransomed nature The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

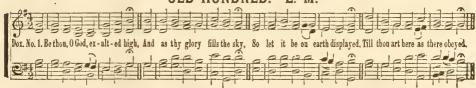
THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurl'd;
 And be the shout, hosanna,
 Re-echoed through the world:

Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever, O Jesus, King of kings! Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor, Each ransomed captive sings; The isles for Thee are waiting, The deserts learn Thy praise, The hills and valleys greeting, The song responsive raise.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

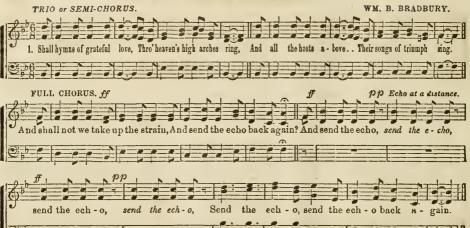


DOXOLOGY No. 2.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

Doxology No. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son. And God the Spirit. Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory given. By all on earth, and all in heaven.



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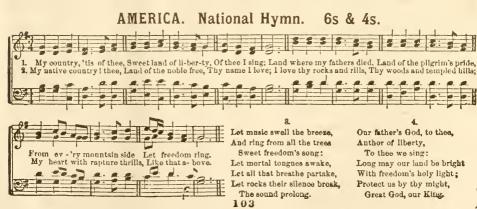
- 2 Shall every ransomed tribe
 Of Adam's scattered race,
 To Christ all powers ascribe,
 Who saved them by his grace. Che
- 8 Shall they adore the Lord, Who bought them with his blood,

And all the love record,
That led them home to God. Cho.

4 Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around,
Salvation through his name. Cho



2 At His feet confess your sin; Seek forgiveness there; For His blood can make you clean,— He will hear your prayer, 3 Seek His face without delay; Give Him now your heart; Tarry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part.





2 Rich dews of grace come o'er as. In many a gentle shower. And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour : Each cry to heaven going Abundant answer brings, And heavenly gales are blowing With peace upon their wings,

See heathen nations bending Before the God of love. And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above :

While sinners, now confessing, The gospel's call obey,

And seek a Saviour's blessing. A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation. Pursue thy onward way : Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay : Stay not till all the lowly

Triumphant reach their home Stay not till all the holy Proclaim the Lord is come.

WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS. (NEW CHARK.)

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus. And reign with him above : And from that flowing fountain. Drink everlasting love? When shall I be delivered From this vain world of sin. And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in? 2 But now I am a soldier,

My Captain 's gone before: He's given me my orders, And bid me not give o'er: And since he has proved falthful.

A righteous crown he'll give. And all his valiant soldiers Eternal life shall have.

8 Whene'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way, Ol cast your care on Jesus. And don't forget to pray,

Gird un the heavenly armor Of faith, and hope, and lovo; Then, when the combat's ended. He'll carry you above.

104

Hymns to the Tune "Webb."

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

- 1 The rosy light is dawning
 Upon the mountain's brow;
 It is the Sabbath morning,
 Arise and pay thy vow.
 Lift up thy voice to heaven
 In sacred praise and prayer,
 While unto thee is given
 The light of life to share.
- The landscape, lately shrouded By evening's paler ray, Smiles beauteous and unclouded Before the hour of day. So let our souls, benighted Too long in folly's shade, Lord, by thy smiles be lighted To joys that never fade.
- 8 O see those waters streaming
 In crystal purity,
 While earth, with verdure teeming
 Gives rapture to the eye.
 Let rivers of salvation
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing virtues know.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding Serenely down the west; So every care subsiding My soul would sink to rest. The woodland hum is ringing The daylight's gentle close— May angels, round me singing, Thus byunn my last repose.
- 8 The evening star has lighted Her crystal lamp on high;
 So, when in death benighted.
 May hope illume the sky.

In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

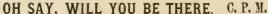
- 1 STAND npl—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldlers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this his glorious day;
 "Ye are the men, now serve him,"
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with dauger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 8 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus 1
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the Gospel armor,
 And watchlug unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger
 Be never wanting there,
- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

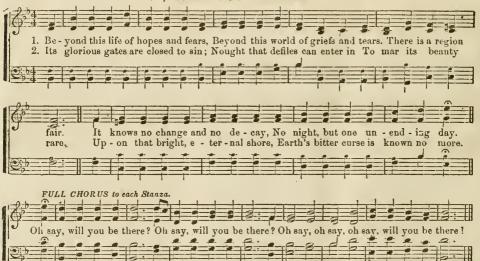


2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart,
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reach'd its height.
There's a friend, &c.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss, for ever-more,
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the wees and cares of this.
There's a friend, &c.







3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?

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4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

- 3 Who shall be there? The lowly here— All those who serve the Lord in fear, The world's proud mockery dare: Who, by the Holy Spirit led, Rejolce the narrow path to tread:— Oh, they shall all be there!
- 6 Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
 All earthly gain to count but loss,
 So that his love they share;

Who, gazing on the Crucified, By faith can say, "For me he died;" Oh, they shall all be there!

7 Will you be there? You shall, you must, If, hating sin, in Christ you trust, Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come! I am the way—l'll lead you home—With me, you shall be there!"

SEMA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;

With deep and conscious guilt oppressed; Christ and his cross my only plea; O God, be merciful to me!

8 Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare uplift them to the skies; But thou dost all my anguish see; O God, he merciful to me! 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be, God has been merciful to me!

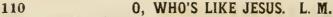
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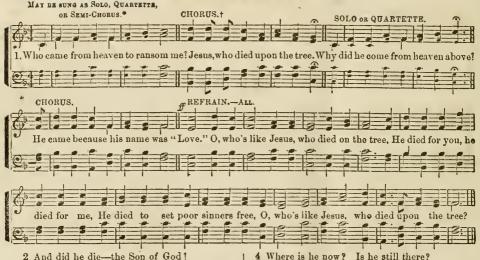
1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress; If cares distract, or fears dismay; If guilt deject, if sin distress; In every case, still watch and pray. 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou caust or caust not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:

109 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.





Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.

Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?

That we from evil might be freed.—Cho.

3 When he had died, what happened then?
On the third day he rose again.
Where did he go when he had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.—Cho.

Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to him might come.—Cho.

5 Should we not come? Should we not come? Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home? Christ is the weary sinner's home—Oh, let us come!—Cho.

* For Choir or School.

110

† For Children.

COME TO JESUS!

(NEW CHAIN.) III



2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love;

8 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray, That scatter life and joy abroad; Pure as the lucid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

ARTHLY THINGS VAIN. L.

(New CHAIN.)

And soft as tuneful lyres above.

- 1 How valn is all beneath the skies!

 How transient every earthly bliss!

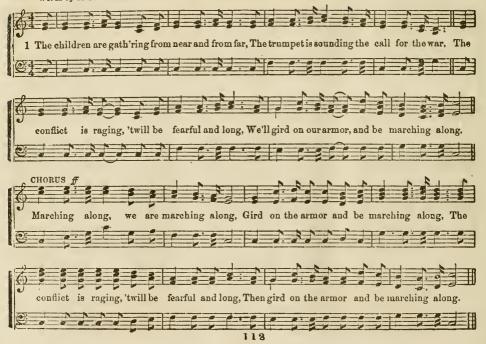
 How slender all the fondest ties

 That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with ring grass, the fading flower, Of earthly hopes are emblems true— The glory of a passing hour.

- 8 But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain, There is a brighter world on high, Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel onr cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
 Though passing through a vale of teast.

1 i I

Words by R P. CLARK.



Concluded. MARCHING ALONG.

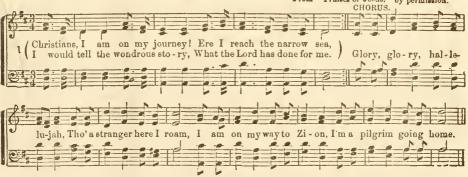
- 2 The foe is before us in battle array, But let us not waver nor turn from the way. The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song, With courage and faith we are marching along. Cho .- Marching along, &c.
- 3 We've listed for life, and will camp on the field, With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;

The "sword of the Spirlt," both trusty and strong We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along. Cho.-Marching along, &c.

4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win. For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sln: But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong, If trusting our Saviour, while marching along. Cho.

A PILGRIM GOING HOME. (NEW CHAIR.)

From "Praises of Jesus," by permission.



- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me, Taught my heart to seek his face : From a wild and lonely desert. Brought me to His fold of grace. Cho,-Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 2 Now my soul with rapture glowing, Sings aloud His pard'ning love :

Looks beyond a world of sorrow, To the pilgrims home above. Cho.-Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

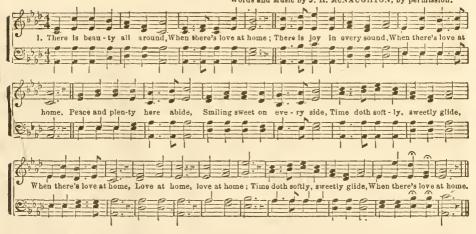
4 I shall yet behold my Saviour, When the day of life is o'er,

I shall cast my crown before Him. I shall praise Him evermore. Cho,

113



For a Concert, a good effect will be produced by having a choir, out of sight, sing the repetition as a response



In the cottage there is joy. When there's love at home: Hate and envy ne'er annov.

When there's love at home. Roses blossom 'neath our feet, Ali the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete,

When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,

When there's love at home: All the earth is filled with love.

When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home.

Jesus make me wholly Thine, Then there's love at home; May Thy sacrifice be mine, Then there's love at home.

Safely from all harm I'll rest, With no sinful care distressed. Thro' Thy tender mercy blessed,

With Thy love at home.



2 Hark to the voices, bidding us come!
Angels, rejoicing, welcome us home;
No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress,
Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
Choous.—We're a little pilgrim, &o.

3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more, But, blest for ever, God's love shall share; Soon we shall see him in his blest home, Ever still praising him, ages to come. Chorus.—We're a little pilgrim, &c.



HEAVENLY BREEZES. Concluded.

D. C. IN FULL CHORUM.



- 2 Though the path be long and dreary And my way by thorns beset;
 - I will bravely onward journey, Honeful of the blessing yet!
 - Trusting in a loving Father;
 One whose mighty arm is strong;
 - I will brave life's surging billows, 'Till I see the shining throng!—Cho.

- 3 Come then, all who seek God's favor-See the open gospel door.
 - From the highways and the hedges Gather in, we needy poor!
 - Gather in, and taste the banquet, Spread by wondrous love divine:
- Then shall all things past and present.

 All in earth and heaven be thine!—Cho.

LONG-LOVED ZION.

CHORUS to each Stanza.

Words by Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D



- 2 Great things the Lord has done for us Far from long-loved Zion, Our toilsome race is nearly run, Far from long-loved Zion.—Cho.
- 3 As streams their mighty torrents pour, Far from long-loved Zion; So turn our hearts to thee once more, Home to long-loved Zion.—Cho.
- 4 With faces turned for Zion's hill, Home to long-loved Zion;

- Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill, Home to long-loved Zion. Cho.
- 5 We soon shall reach our Father's land, Home in long-loved Zion; Our feet within thy gates shall stand, Home in long-loved Zion.—Cho.
- 6 Our grateful incense to the skies, Home in long-loved Zion; Mingled with holy songs shall rise.

Home in long-loved Zion.





2 What brought them to that world above, That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there?—Cho.

8 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean — Chorus.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved his name; And now they see his blessed face, And stand before the Lamb.—Chorus. 5 In flowing robes of spotless white, See every one array'd, Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade.—Chorus.

THE PENITENT.

(NEW CHAIN.)

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presurces to lift his eyes.
Chorus.—Crying save me, save mo,
Save me! blessed Saviour!
Crying save me, save me!
O thou Lamb of God.

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.—Chorus.

8 But no such sacrifice I plead To expiate my guilt; No tears—but those which thou hast shed— No blood, but thou hast spilt.—Chorus.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord I And all my sins forgive I Justice will well approve the word That bids the sinner live.—Chorus.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice To pay the debt I owe,

Hymns to the Tune "Children in Heaven."

PRAISE OF CHILDREN ACCEPTABLE

- 1 CHILDREN of old hosannas sung
 To praise the Saviour's name;
 We, too, would join our infant song,
 To celebrate his fame.
 Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!
- Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased. That children thus should sing; But Jesus owned their early praise, And we our praises bring. Singing glory, &c.
- 3 We bless the Lord for all his gifts, For life, and food, and friends; We bless him for the Word of life, The choicest gift he sends. Singing glory, &c.

HEAVENLY BLISS.

- There is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky;
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord most high.
 Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah!
- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite, and perfect praise.
 Singing glory, &c.
- 3 Those are the nymns that we shall know, If Jesus we obey; That is the place where we shall go, If found in wisdom's ways. Singing glory, &c.

- 4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
 And make our chief concern;
 For this we come, from week to week,
 To read, and hear, and learn.
 Singing glory, &c.
- 5 Great God! impress the serious thought This day on every breast: That both the teachers and the taught May enter into rest. Singing glory, &c.

HOSANNAS IN THE TEMPLE.

- 1 When Jesus to the temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard,
 The little children owned his claim,
 And in his train appeared.
 Singing glory, glory, glory, hallelujah i
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring, For many tongues agreed; Hosanna to the heavenly King, To David's promised seed. Singing glory, &c.
- 8 O let those scenes be now renewed,
 Where children lisp thy praise!
 Thon art as gracious and as good
 As in the former days.
 Singing glory, &c.
- 4 Dwell by thy Spirit in our hearts, And this will loose our tongues; The love that heavenly truth imparts Will animate our songs. Singing glory, &c.



120

120



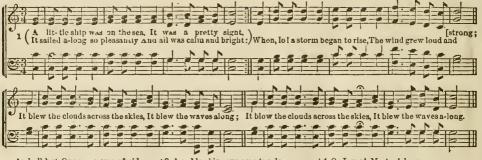
- 2 When in my cradlo lying,
 Or on her loving hreast,
 She gently hush'd my crying,
 And rock'd her babe to rest,
 When any thing has alled me,
 To her I told my grief—
 Her fond love never fail'd me,
 In finding some relief.
- 3 What sight is that which, near me,
 Makes home a happy place,
 And has such power to cheer me?
 It is my mother's face.
 What sound is that which ever
 Makes my young heart rejoico
 With tones that tire me never?
 It is my mother's voice.
- 4 When she is ill, to tend her My daily care shall be; Such hope as I can render Will all be joy to me.
 Though I can ne'er repay her For all her tender care, I will honor and obey her, While God our lives shell spare.

TO THEE, MY GOD. 78 & 6s. (New Chain.)

1 To thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart, exulting sings.
Rejoceneg in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings;
Fill celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joytul story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bodecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear;
O, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'or,
Unceasingly adore thee;
What could an angel more?



And all but One were sore afraid Of sinking in the deep, His head was on a pillow lald,

And he was fast asleep;
"Master, we perish! Master, save!"
They cried: their Master heard;

They cried: their Master heard; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word. 8 A noble ship, our country dear,
Has weathered many a gale—
Yet now a storm beats so severe
That many stout hearts quail;
But One who rides above the storm
Can save us from all il!;

We only wait to hear his voice Commanding "Peace, be still!" 4 O, Jesus! Master! hear, we pray, Remove the chastening rod; Let not our fees exulting say,

"There is no help in God." [land, From threat ning storms preserve our Rebuke the winds and waves:

And let us, one united band, Rejoice in God, who saves.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s.

(New Chair.)

1 We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and aw-ful time, In an age on a-ges telling,
2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally, With your music and your wine? Up! it is Je-hovah's ral-ly!



2 For she hath treasures greater far,
That east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

8 She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's paths to tread A crown of glory she bestows Upon the heary head.



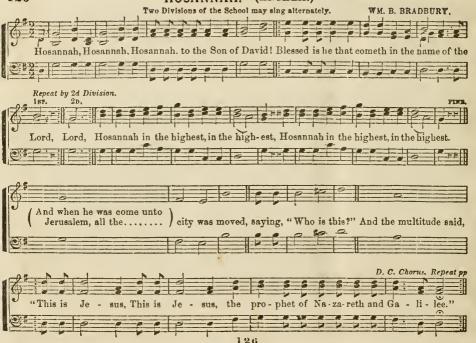
2 I love in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
When none but God is near.

2 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
My cares and sorrows all to cast
On him whom I adore.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. National Song.

SOLO-TENOR OR SOPRANO. MAESTOSO. Words by GEO. P. MORRIS, Esq. 1. A song for our ban-ner! the watchword recall Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta-tion; 2. What God in his in - fi - nite wisdom designed, And armed with his weapon of thun-der, we stand, di - vi - ded we fall! It .. made and preserves us Not all the earth's despots and factions combined, Have the power to conquer or sun - der! un - ion of lakes—the un - ion of lands, of States none can se - ver - The un - ion of hearts - the un-ion of hands, And the our Un-ion for ev-er. m For ev - er. un - ion of hearts- the un - ion of hands, And the flag of our Un - ion for ev - er.

HOSANNAH. (ANTHEM.)



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